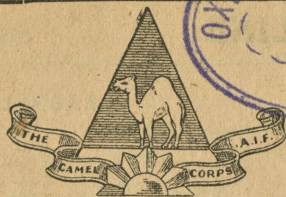


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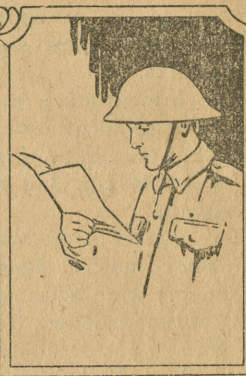
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THE Link



A Weekly Circular Letter linking Queenslanders at Home and at the Front.

Phone 833

Subscription, 3/3 half year posted. Editor: J. CRAMPTON ANDREWS, c/o R. McGregor & Co., Edward St., Box 493, Brisbane

Vol. I.—No. 15.

BRISBANE, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1917.

PRICE, One Penny.

Wanted some Cheers.

(Written for "The Link.")

I came to town last Thursday night,
To see the soldiers come back.
I'd pictured it over many times,
The cheers and the crowded track.

I'd pictured the children laughing,
The women wiping their tears;
The lights, the flowers, the handkerchiefs
waved,
The welcoming deafening cheers.

I'd heard them cheer on the racecourse,
And yell at a football team,
But this would be cheering and waving,
Such as I never had seen.

But what was the matter with Brisbane,
The band made the welcoming noise,
Good people who live because of these men!
Is this how you welcome the boys?

There are thousands of you in the city,
Who go to your work each day,
And live your ordinary business life,
Because of these soldiers away.

You may be giving and paying,
Is that the full price of your skin,
Can't you put everything else aside,
And cheer when the boys come in!

We've honour boards for our fallen lads,
And trees for others who fell,
Why not a league to welcome returned,
With a good Australian yell.

BILL HARDWOOD.

Good day to you, Editor. Good day to you, mates, at home and abroad. Good day to my letter writers all. Bessie and Freda we thank you for your account of the Bogaloon wedding, since the original owners of Australia are fighting for those in possession. Why not crowd out some stay at home notices for them, Miss Lily Ambrose, who has been the coloured help, at Bogaloon station since her childhood, said "Yes" to Snowey Williams, of the same place, last week. "Snowy" would have been fighting but for an accident, which deprived him of one eye, although, as he says, "I got eye enough to see the way to a German." This wedding was a great interest to the bride and bridegroom. The bride was arrayed hours before the appointed time, in a charming gown of red flannelette, with panniers of shadow lace, the dream of her life, a long court train was lined with flour bags, which bore loud praises of snowflake flour, but Miss Lily, not knowing anything about reading, said that she liked the pattern and the colour matched.

The veil which Lily knew must be lent for luck, was a nice mosquito net from the "spare single," with a wreath of honeysuckle charmingly arranged. Her white sandshoes, size 9,

were a present from the bridegroom's mother. She carried a bouquet of white and pink cosmos, white tape hanging in long streamers.

The bridegroom's suit of large black and white check, was most effective, the bride's present to the bridegroom a packet of safety pins of the largest size, taking the place of suspenders.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was some magnificent jewellery in the shape of a fangle, a memento of one of "Snowey's" visits to the township, and his success with a two-penny dip.

The friends of the bride and bridegroom gave voluntary musical items, and among the instruments were a tin whistle and the principal part of a mandolin. The items rendered ranged from "The Dead March" to "Has Anyone Here Seen Kelly?"

After the ceremony, the wedding party adjourned to the barn, which had been decorated by the children from Bogaloon, and bore the legend, "Welcum" over the door. Ample seating accommodation of kerosene tins was provided. Toasts were drunk in a tasty beverage of which the chief ingredients were molasses and water. A large pumpkin pie graced the bride's table.

Her going-away dress, which she wore later in the afternoon at her milking duties, was of floral cretonne, and every one on the station had contributed some flowers that her hat might match. This latter was in the style known as "flower garden."

Early in the month, "Snowey" had been fortunate in purchasing a horse at the sale yard for five shillings and a couple of boomerangs. This fine steed drew the bridal party safely across the house paddock to the picturesque hut they will occupy in future. The band leading the way played, "There's only one Girl in the World for Me."—Yours,

CRUTCHES.

A concert in aid of Christmas Cheer for you men of the 47th Battalion is to be held in the Albert Hall on Wednesday, October 3rd. The Comfort Fund was organised in February last with Mrs. North as the president, 8 large parcels sent for you in the Mooltan, were met by messenger from Bill the Hun, but another larger lot has, I believe, reached you safely. We hope all your friends who can will roll up to the concert on Wednesday. The members of the Fund Committee have tickets to sell to the folks at home, or on Thursday morning they can be had at Room 2, 1st Floor, Kodak Building.

FASHION NOTES.

Dear Chaps,—

A little Queensland girl, who makes you think to look at her, that fashions are lovely, whatever they are, told me the other day, that the trouble with my Fashion Notes is that I am trying to write about what I don't understand. "Come along to-morrow morning and I'll explain, and see if I can make you understand," she kindly offered. I went, and there on a sunny verandah was the mademoiselle and her machine, and some baskets and snips of silk, and a table full of all sorts of gear. I looked at it, and marvelled at the knowledge needed to cut all those things just the shape that would produce a blouse when they were stitched together again, for this was a blouse lesson I was having. "Its just as easy to call a blouse by its proper name, as call it a top half," said my hostess.

"I've nearly run this together and then I'll explain."

"What do you call this ice creamy material," I asked. "Crepe de Chine," was the emphatic reply, and any further remarks were stopped by the arrival of a large lady friend, in a three-story hat and a wide hot smile. "Oh, I see you got some of those bargains from Mopps, if I hadn't a heart of steel I should have spent my allowance twice over. I got a lovely odd length of brocade." I didn't like to ask if it was the one she had on, that was odd, but if it was brocade or not I couldn't say. It didn't seem to matter being odd for she'd made up the missing parts all right with some other stuff, and it wouldn't come apart for the odd stuff was dovetailed all round, and then sewn on with a couple rounds of stitching. Presently Dolly (there I've written it and now I'll let it stay if I have to be court-martialled for it), held up a limp affair, "I really think that will be a success."

I said I thought it would be. "Put it on and see if it is a blouse," I recommended. My remark was most unpleasantly received, and during Dolly's absence, the fat lady gave me a lot of good information about a bargain sale. "It's quite a pleasure to see a young man take an intelligent interest in woman's dress, for you know we only dress to please the men." If that was all, I thought, as I looked at her, what an unhappy life. "Did you ever succeed," I asked; but before she got her breath, Dolly came in, and well—she'd put the puzzle together all right. "That sash is most artistic, but will it stay there?" I asked. My past contains sad chapters of sashes that did not stay. "Oh, said Dollie, that's all right, the bottom of the blouse is gathered on to a Petersham, and the tunic on the other side.

Write your letter on blank page.

The end of the sash is firmly stitched on that, then the loop is fastened with press studs, the belt part is sewn on boned muslin. Then there's a buckle and where the tassel is sewn is really the end of a tiny pocket, see," and she turned the sash around, showing two fingers in the end.

I gasped for air and longed for understanding. No wonder wise men tell us women and girls are hard to understand, when a bit of ribbon that looked as if Dolly had twisted it around her just because she loved it, took all that building.

I tried to get away to something less misleading, the fat lady had gone inside, but her purple three-story headgear remained on the table and fascinated me. "Did she get mad with it?" I asked softly.

"Mad, no! I suppose she was hot."

"But what made her stop making it?"

It was gathered at the brim and all up the second story, and the top story of silk, purple and plenty floated in the breeze, or at least I thought it did, until I found there was a wire scaffolding left inside.

"It's meant to be like that. Don't you like it; the flowers are a bit heavy." They were, it was like the Tower of Babel, done in silk with a heavy memorial wreath on one side, but she was a fine woman and bore up under it like the Briton she was. I've come to the conclusion that it isn't easy to depress Australian women.—Yours dinkum,

THE FASHION EXPERT.

TROOP TRAINS.

Some of you at home have already purchased 'Troop Trains' and other verses, by Alice Gore-Jones, which came just too late for notice last week. I hope lots of them will be posted to you lads for Christmas, I would like to quote some and started with that intention, but "The Link" has to be small to go as a letter and there are so many I'm sure you would like. As it is September here, I quote from the sonnet of that name.

The peach bloom soft pink showers of gladness fling,

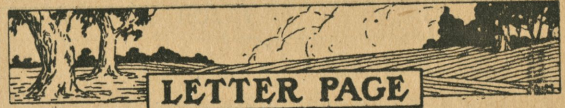
For fairy carpets 'neath her shy white feet,
Swift silver rains have left the grasses sweet,

And set the rippling creeks new songs to sing.
The bushland slopes grow pale with blossoming,

The ardent sun retains his fiery heat,
And sea and sky are clothed in colours meet
To hail September, spirit of our Spring.

And another on Brisbane concludes—

"Stranger than all her sisters of the South,



With languid warmth she lifts her sun-brown-
ed arms,

In eager longing for the distant sea;
This Northern witch with young and glowing
mouth,

And half alluring, half elusive charms,
That bear the tropics seal of mystery."

And on the joyfulness of being a dog,
listen—

But, oh! The joy while the paws are fleet,
Four white paws and a sound heart beat,
Four white paws and a whistling wind,
And no hand to stay or felter or bind,
Just to leap and race, and bound and spring,
And never give a damn for any old thing."

Once picking up "Troop Trains" no one
will put it down until the end.

"The Motley rules for you and I,
White lipped or weary with despair;
Oh, laugh and let the world go by,
We meet with jests each mocking sigh."

A BIT OF A DIFFERENCE.

"I don't know which I'd like best," R.S. John Newcome, late of the 9th, looked at the work other men were doing. "I'd like to do some leather work, I know somebody who'd just like a bag like that."

"Well, you shall!" Instructor Edith was brisk and business-like as usual. "Will you start now?"

"Sure thing!"

And while the bag was being cut out, Newcome moved among the other half dozen men, and offered advice on their work, all the more readily that he knew nothing about it.

"Call THAT poker work! Doesn't look much like a poker, more a hot pen!"

"Let's give you a touch with it," said the pyrographic student, who was busy with a cupboard panel. You find it feels very much like one."

"You make a lot of noise," he said to Private Marchant, who sat patiently chipping at a silky oak panel. "Wot do you think you're making?"

"An' all chair fer me 'all."

"Got an' all 'ave you!"

"No, but I'm goin' to 'ave a chair!"

"Well, I'm goin' to 'ave an' all, so I better make some chairs! Can I, Miss."

Instructor Edith replied promptly, "You may."

And the other men began a cross-fire of questions.

"G'on, don' bleve 'im, 'es not goin' to be married, 'is girl chucked 'im, 'eard of 'is goin' on in Egypt an' Blighty."

"Well, then, she didn't an' you can all come



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to me weddin', if you wash yer 'ands an' faces an' behave nice an' bring a weddin' present, anything excep' prawns will do."

"Its true, Miss. Yes, of course its true," said John Newcome, R.S., as he laboriously traced eucalyptus on the beginning of a bag. "She's coming down to-morrow, an' yes, I'll bring 'er up to the Club. She couldn't get down to meet me Thursday."

"Sargint Gold, if you wouldn't mind gettin' off that chair, because my palette's on it!" was the electrical remark that made every worker in the Club drop his work and turn immediate and interested attention to Sgt. Gold.

"You might remember, mate, yer not in the trenches now, an' there's ladies present. You can't sit down in any old thing you come across!"

"My word, Sergeant, that's a fine colour scheme you've got there. Take my advice an' give up brass work an' take to oils." A lad from Flanders, where he had left one leg, but not his light-heartedness, advised from the other end of the table.

"I don't like these tables, they shake when you laugh," said a man who was busy modelling a door plate.

"Always knew there was a Scotch strain in you, Sargint, but blowed if I can tell what plaid that's meant for."

The cheerful accompaniment of criticism and advice went on while a couple of workers obligingly put aside their work, and proceeded with the assistance of the petrol bottle to remove from the rear portion of Sgt. Gold's rather garments a mixture of reds and blues, yellows and greens, that had been intended by Private Brown to represent a picture he had sketched in France.

Sgt. Gold tried several times to survey the illuminated portion, but as the heap of rags covered with petrol and paint grew, his disgust increased. At last he grew restive—

"I don't care if there's a rainbow or a sunset there, it won't prevent me sitting down. If you chaps go on, I'll have to stand for the rest of my life, so hold hard."

"It all came of Newy's yarn about gettin' married, Goldie had to sit down or 'e would 'ave fallen."

"It seems a mighty lot of paint," said Sgt. Gold, "to come off one little board."

Private Brown looked meditatively at the palette swinging on his thumb—

"I don't know if its fair to tell you, Goldie, but one was putting fresh paint on, while the other wiped it off."

"Oh! Private Brown! How COULD you say such a thing!" Instructor Florence blushed furiously.

"Well, the truth is I'm a bit upset about Newy gettin' married. Feel as if someone ought to protect the girl."

"Don't you worry about her, my son!"

Newcombe, R.S., splashed the water on his leather so liberally that Instructor Edith had to apply a dry dabbler, and the Director's voice was heard, "Damp—not wet—never dry—but never WET."

"You ladies here to-morrow or is the Club closed Sundays?" Newcombe asked later.

"No, we are open from two till church time, not to work, but you can drop in and read or write letters, and the Instructors will give you tea."

"Well, my girl comes to-morrow, an' I'll bring her along if I may?"

We looked at the Director. It is a SOLDIERS' Club.

"Certainly! Ask her to come and have afternoon tea and see where you work!"

"You see me and 'er brother 'ad a bit of a difference, and 'e didn't like 'er takin' up with me, or we would have got married before I went."

"But it's all right, now."

"Oh, yes; I 'spose he's give in for she wired she'd be 'ere to-night."

It was a drizzly afternoon on Sunday, and we had to turn on the light for those who were writing letters. The five instructors who were "taking turn" that afternoon, were knitting and working. We had just been reading letters from a "Billy Can Boy," and a boy from Home Hill, who, during his furlough in London, had been called to assist the ambulance through an air raid. A few moments before some one had remarked that Newcombe, R.S., hadn't come after all.

"Perhaps he didn't like to bring his girl out in the wet," hazarded one from his magazine.

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Pte. Brown poised his pen a moment above the inkwell, then brought it down with a force that was a prophecy of short life for the knib.

"That's all kidstake; he's got no girl!"

A silence fell for a moment that was broken by a clattering of many footsteps coming up the passage.

"Here are a lot more boys, I'd better put the kettle on again."

Instructor Jean is always practical. Then they came to the door. John Newcome, R.S., and a tall, evidently country girl, with a sweet strong face, and three shy looking boys from 4 to 9 years old. He beckoned me outside.

"There ain't no children, dogs, nor politics allowed in, is there?" he said, with a grin. "This is Miss Allen, the young lady I told you about, an' these three are her nephews. Shake 'ands with the lady!"

"Come in!" called the Director, and as I cut up cake I heard him explaining.

"I didn't know her brother 'ad enlisted, 'e was killed at Mouquet Farm, an' the mother an' a new baby died when the news came; so we'll 'ave to look after them."

Five men who knew "Newy" looked up from their books and writing or from their talk with the instructors.

What could I say. All one can say is so inadequate. "Oh, dear, I'm sorry."

In a few minutes every man in the club was entertaining those three children. If they weren't sick on Sunday night they should have been. The Instructors were giving tea and showing the work of the Club to the country girl.

And if you don't mind me altering my mind, Miss, I'm going to learn boot repairing. I think it will be better after all. I'll finish the bag, but the 'all chair will 'ave to wait.

One after another the men put away their books and writing material. They said goodbye and went out together and left Newcome, R.S., and his sweetheart and nephews alone with us.

As they got outside the door, we noticed they paused. Then Sgt. Gold spoke sharply—"Newy!"

"Newy turned, in the dim light of the hall, five men in the dearest uniform the world has seen—the Australian Khaki—one minus an arm, one a leg, all battered in one way or another, and under the lines and tan that Egypt and the Somme had painted on the face of Newcome, R.S., the red Australian blood surged to his very temples, as he saw them stand looking at him each man saluting.

"That's con'try to regulations," said Newcombe, R.S., as the tramp of heavy service boots and the tapping of Private Brown's crutches sounded down the corridor.

THE RULES OF THE GAME.

(Written for "The Link.")

Gerald McKinnon McTavish, a clever young man was he,

His clothes were the pride of his tailor, and he had won a degree.

If one thing about him was smarter than other, T'was that extra smart lady, McTavish's mother.

When Gerald MacMac went to camp, he went in a motor car,

On uniforms smarter than any, he soon was wearing a star,

When officers swore t'was his pride that he never,

Had used naughty words to his men, not once ever.

When Mac got us "Somewhere in France," we waited for orders to go,

Each time that he opened his mouth, it filled up with thin muddy dough,

Kneaded up soft by shells from the Hun,

It sticks when you sit or you stand or you run.

Gerald McKinnon McTavish, who hadn't got angry at Bell's,

On Troopship, or Egypt or Flanders, now spluttered out "Damns" and "blank hells,"

With words that lacked nothing in warmth or direction,

He urged us along to the joy of our section.

G. Mac. got nearly across, but treacherous wire hidden near,

Made him leave the most of his pants, behind as a souvenir,

And the last I remember when "going to sleep,"

Was Mac, naked, swearing, in mud just knee deep.

* * * * *

Mrs. McTavish came Tuesday, all rustling, stately and tall,

"You saw my son, I hear, Corporal, pray is he altered at all?"

But I didn't forget the "rules of the game,"

So I said, "Oh, he's well and looks just the same."

49th.



This is the first cartoon "The Link" has had from the Front. The young artist is on active service for us. We hope this is only the first of many.

FROM AN ADELAIDE CORRESPONDENT.

The unveiling of the roll of honour, presented by the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Association to the Army Nurses' Club, was one of the many patriotic functions in which her Excellency Lady Helen Munro Ferguson has taken part this week. The Town Hall, on Monday, September 17th, was crowded in every part, the organ galleries were filled with Army Sisters, civil nurses, voluntary aid detachment and members of the A.A.M.C., all of whom had previously formed an imposing guard of honour. The roll of 120 names was prominently placed on the platform and warm and continuous was the applause, as her Excellency drew aside the Union Jack and the Australian flag. Colonel Russell, P.M.O., the Naval Commandant, the Military Commandant, and Mr. D. Kerr, M.M. (vice-president of the R.S.S.A.), who in the unavoidable absence of the president (Captain Blackburn, V.C.), moved a vote of thanks which was seconded by the Hon. D. J. Gordon, who is a very sincere and useful friend to the nurses and in conjunction with Mrs. Gordon, has taken a great interest in the Army Nurses' Club (North Terrace), which has proved a great boon to local and visiting sisters. Surgeon-Major Wells, formerly in practice at Kapunda, has returned home with invalided men, and a young leopard, probably an unwilling refugee, which, however, was a great favourite on the transport, and has since been "settled on the land." It is apparently in quite friendly relations with the keeper of the Zoo, who leads his new charge around the Gardens on a chain. At the Cheer-up Hut on Friday last, there was a discussion in connection with the amalgama-

tion of all country branches with the parent society. From the generous subscriptions and cases of provisions hitherto sent in from the suburbs and country, one always understood the Hut was well supplied by the help of the smaller branches, but it appears some prefer to "carry on" independently and so accomplish as good or even better work. The Glenelg Society have undertaken to help the V.A.D. in their excellent work in meeting the hospital transports to arrive shortly. The soldiers will be entertained at the goods sheds at the Outer Harbour, where a substantial meal will be provided and the daily papers, fruit, cigarettes, etc., will be handed round to the men, a number of whom may be unable to get as far as the city. An excellent concert party will also give their services to assist in entertaining the men. Happiest are the men who get leave to visit a private house. An invalided boy was recently invited to their home by a couple of girls who made the few hours' leave restful and pleasant. They were overwhelmed with thanks, but then he had seen nothing of home life since early in the year, 1915. The sign of the Red Cross, much in evidence on Friday last when the day of all Britons' Days was in aid of the Red Cross Fund, and nearly £4000 has been so far handed in. Everybody was both buying and selling, and the country visitors in town for the Royal Show gave liberally. A procession paraded the streets at noon, the detachment of soldiers being followed by members of the A.M.C., hospital nurses, and V.A.D.'s. Lady Galway was an enthusiastic helper throughout the day, encouraging the concert parties and the stall-holders of the miniature markets grouped



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SEPTEMBER 27, 1917.

along North Terrace en route to the show grounds.

THE THIRD SUMMER.

The third summer, man o' mine! lad o' mine! son o' mine! since you went to war, the morning and the soft breeze called me, and among the palms all feathery glad, and varied shrubs, I went. Cooled with the kisses of the snow-white clouds, the summer breeze; cool yet with another mood of warmth from the kiss of a sun gold red, breathing purity from its bath of early dew, soothed one to ecstasy, soothed me anew, buried all other, knowing and feeling in the joy of young summer, the spirit of springs promise dew across mine eyelids, one strand of her fragrant invisible hair.

And then—

The breeze thrilled and chilled, I was alone, man o' mine! lad o' mine! son o' mine! The snowy clouds in the blue sky became winding sheets for joys that should have been mine and yours, these three long summer-times. The sun's red kiss no longer warmed, but burned into a passion of longing, into a surging hatred of this evil that has come between, I felt it grow and throb until you must surely know that I, that all, called you, called you! Called your soul to know we love you, love you, man o' mine! lad o' mine! son o' mine. Surely this thrilling, quivering, throbbing passion of love must be greater than distance, greater than war, surely this hatred for your enemies that scorches and burns, must weaken their arms and them.

And then—

The passion died, greater than love, stronger than passion. The Master of War, untouched by death or change, the Great Power guiding all human destiny, sending you, to duty, perhaps to death. Man o' mine! lad o' mine! son o' mine! Me to wait and sob and pray, and wait again, spread its terrible wonderful unseen wings in the summer morning. The pale heliotrope blossoms whispered their annual benediction, and under the beating wings the summer breeze whispered and soundlessly chanted its response. The early dew became but diamond tears in eyes that pray. I tried to feel my hand in yours, lad o' mine! son o' mine! man o' mine! And while

I bowed, not because I would, but because I must, I faltered weakly, "May it be soon, may this summer be the last of war," remembering your fine strength, may I be worthy, too, son o' mine! lad o' mine! man o' mine.

OLIVE.

PRAYER WINGS.

TO "SOMEONE THAT I LOVE."

Where heat was fiercest, in the dusty street, As home dispirited I turned my feet, A sudden, quiet fell about my way, As though some mystic force stilled me pray.

A wondrous calm encircled, wrapped me round Like silent angel wings. The very ground Grew softly green and set about with flowers The whole scene changed. With melody showers,

The parching wind blew fresh and lightly cool And sweet serenity possessed my soul.

With happiness pervading, low I heard Delightful music, as some silvery bird Called to his mate, o'er cornfields bright with dew,

Touched by the morning sun, straightaway I knew,

I love thoughts had reached me, wafted on the air,

From someone that I love—who kneeled in prayer.

Praying for me! Upon the other side The world is waking. O'er the country wide The sun is rising. From each belfry tower The bells are ringing. 'Tis devotion's hour. In ruined church or on the grassy sod, Facing the sun, perhaps, he asks of God For me he loves, making an altar there, Or from his sick-bed rises that dear prayer?

But sure I know, across the severing sea, My soldier prays. Dear God, he prays for me! And great eternal wings are hovering nigh, Ready to mount, to bear along the sky That message. O my love, beyond despair, Through doubt, life, death, I hold your prayer.

ANNIE POWIS DUNN.

UNRECOGNISABLE.

"Men, never tell the truth about women!"

"But they wouldn't know it was the truth if they did."

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